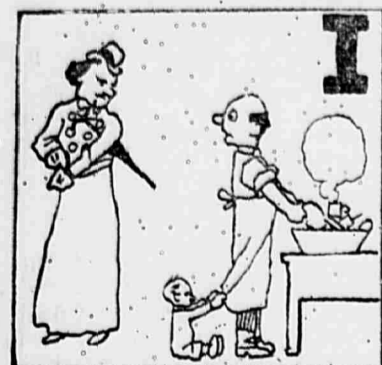


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WOMEN'S VOTING.



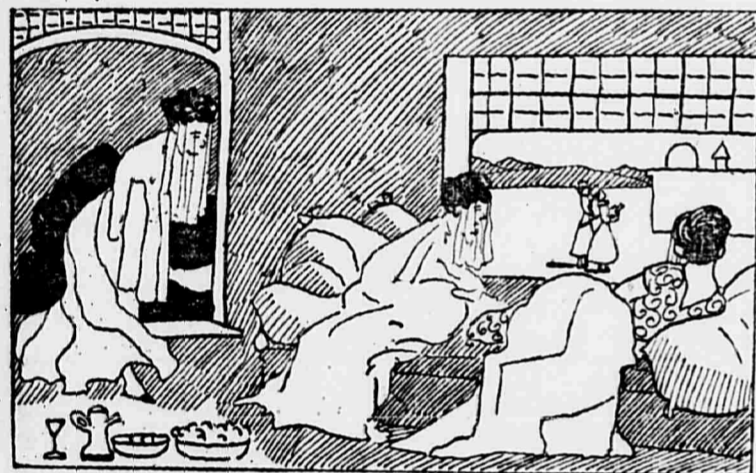
In reply to the question of who will do the housework and raise the children if women give their time to politics and business, a suffragette orator replies that wives of talents and salary earning capacity had better hire some one to keep house than to do it themselves.

The suffragettes also imply that in so many families the wife is the superior to the husband.

that it would be an economic advantage for the husband to attend to the petty household affairs while the wife devoted her greater talents to money making.

According to the Geographical Journal, which takes no interest in the question of women voting, in Africa household matters are arranged directly contrary to the suffragette plan. Every man has as many wives as he is able to support. For a rich man to have only one wife is an exhibition of stinginess and refusal to perform his civic duties. There are therefore no unmarried women and no women working for wages or salaries. One wife cooks. The wife who is most motherly and fond of children looks after all the children. The wife who has good taste about clothes and likes to sew attends to the wearing apparel. The wife who likes gardening raises the vegetables.

Somewhat other these women get along quite as happily as the average American wife. Divorce is almost unknown. Immorality is remarkably rare.



This is not an argument that polygamy is the solution for matrimonial troubles, because there is quite as much polygamy in New York as in Africa, only there is no Geographical Journal published here which as faithfully and minutely describes New York polygamy and its workings.

Like the women of the Turkish harems whose sympathy goes out for the poor American women in the tourist parties who have no slaves to attend to their every want, many of whom never had a husband, and some of whom have to work hard to earn their own living, so it may be said of suffragettes and of the simple-minded Africans whom the Geographical Journal describes—a great deal depends upon the point of view.

The only sure prophecy about women's voting is that whenever the majority of women want to vote they will.

The married men of the United States are too well trained in habits of matrimonial obedience to stand in the way of woman suffrage a week if their wives want it.

As for the servant problem, why should anybody have any servants? Why should there be class discriminations in labor? Useful work of any kind is honorable, and the more necessary the work the more honorable should be the doing of it.



Letters From the People

The Back Fence Concerns.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am kept awake half the night by the back-fence concerns of cats. A man who keeps a howling dog can be prosecuted. Not so a man who keeps a howling cat. Let cats be licensed, and let all unlicensed cats be killed, say I.
MRS. V. G.

Punishment for Petty Theft.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
"Lower Broadway" who loaded cigarettes with gunpowder for petty thieves who nightly robbed his office desk, should have concealed six-inch shells in the cigarettes he left in his desk after suffering from raids by those growlers. The meanest sneak on earth is the flicker of trifles that should be secure when left in a worker's desk or drawer, even should the receptacle not be locked. Lacking the courage to be real burglars or the immoral strength to burn highwaymen, these cheap pests should be exterminated. On reflection, though, isn't it a waste of good ammunition when insect powder should suffice?
BLOW 'EM SOME MORE.

Fines for Working Girls.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am employed by a large manufacturing firm. We are piece workers, supposed to be at our places by 8 o'clock. Many of us live quite a distance from the shop. Some mornings it is simply impossible to be there at 8 o'clock, as one knows how uncertain our transportation system is. If it is stormy, we are fined just the same, and if we are seven minutes late or twenty minutes late our nickels go to swell our employer's profits. He never takes into consideration the fact that our being late may be due to no fault of ours; and then if we accidentally cut or make mistakes in our work we are penalized

to repair same and are fined. Now, all we girls want is justice. We work very hard, nine and one-half hours a day; the men are compensated to pay our way, but it is very discouraging to work as hard as we do and have to lose in fines so many of our nickels and dimes. I would like to see this discussed by readers.
ONE OF THEM.

Woman's Suffrage.

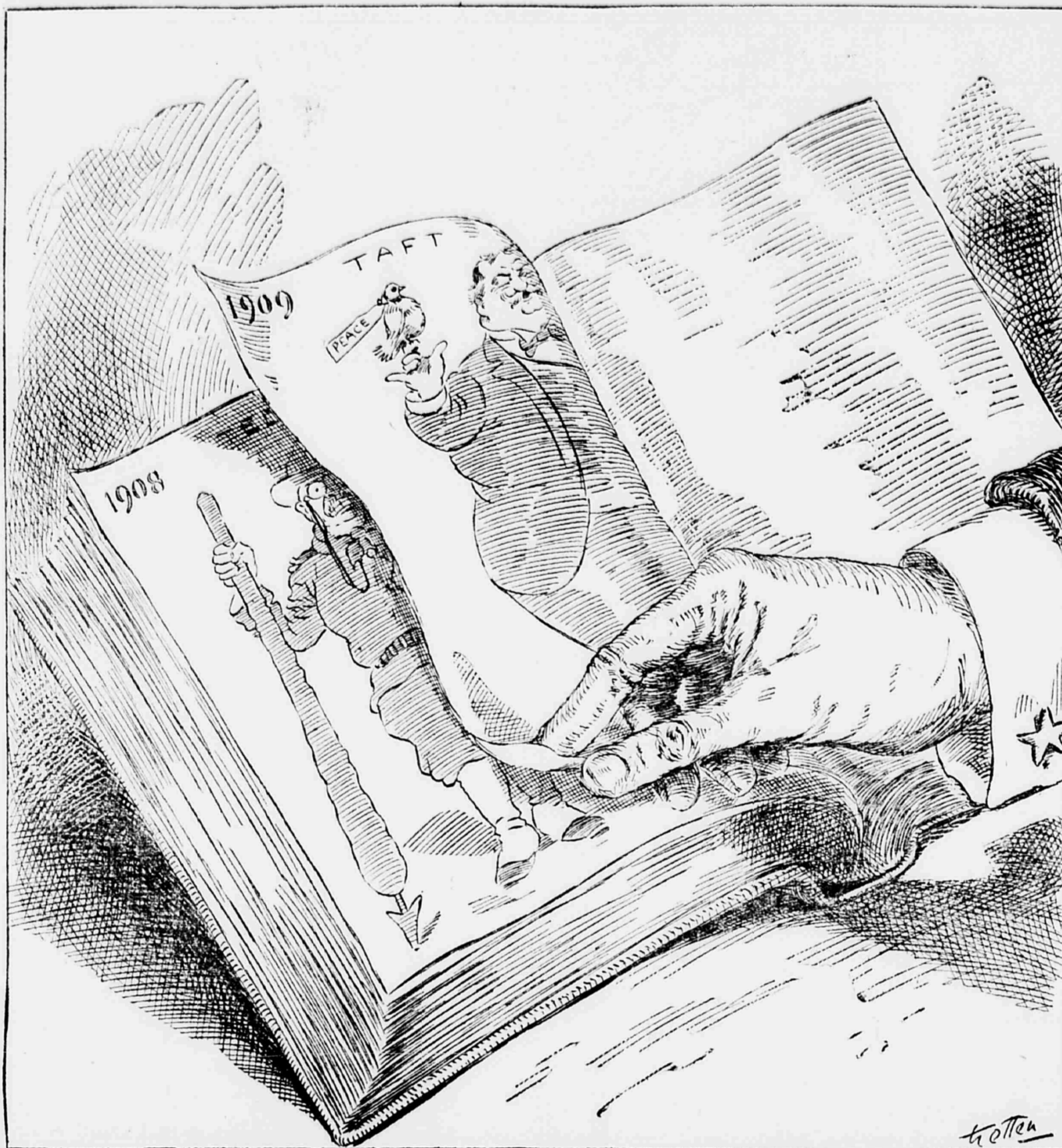
To the Editor of The Evening World:
We are told that to stay at home and not vote and to keep house and care for our children is woman's especial work, and that this is more important than any man's work. I think if some one would advise men to stay at home and care for the house and the children, women could do better bread-winning than some men are doing. It is true there are some good men in America. If there were not it would soon go to ruin. But the present condition of things compels woman to stand for her rights. She has no alternative. The thinking men of to-day must act quickly and wisely if they want women to stay at home and not vote.
MRS. K.

As to Hard Times.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The day after election many people declared "Hard times are over. Prosperity has come back." So, taking much of the money they had laid by for a hard winter, they rushed out and spent it. Then, when new dollars did not spring into their pockets by miracle, they found themselves once more hard up. I think that in many cases people found it hard to pay or collect bills all through December. What a nation of kids we are! We call the French a "volatile race." They are towers of wisdom and stability compared with us. Especially us New Yorkers.
SIMPSON.

A New Leaf.

By Maurice Ketten.

It's Wonderful—Mr. Jarr Wonders—Mrs. Jarr Wonders—
And There Are Only Seven Wonders in the World for All of Us

By Roy L. McCardell.

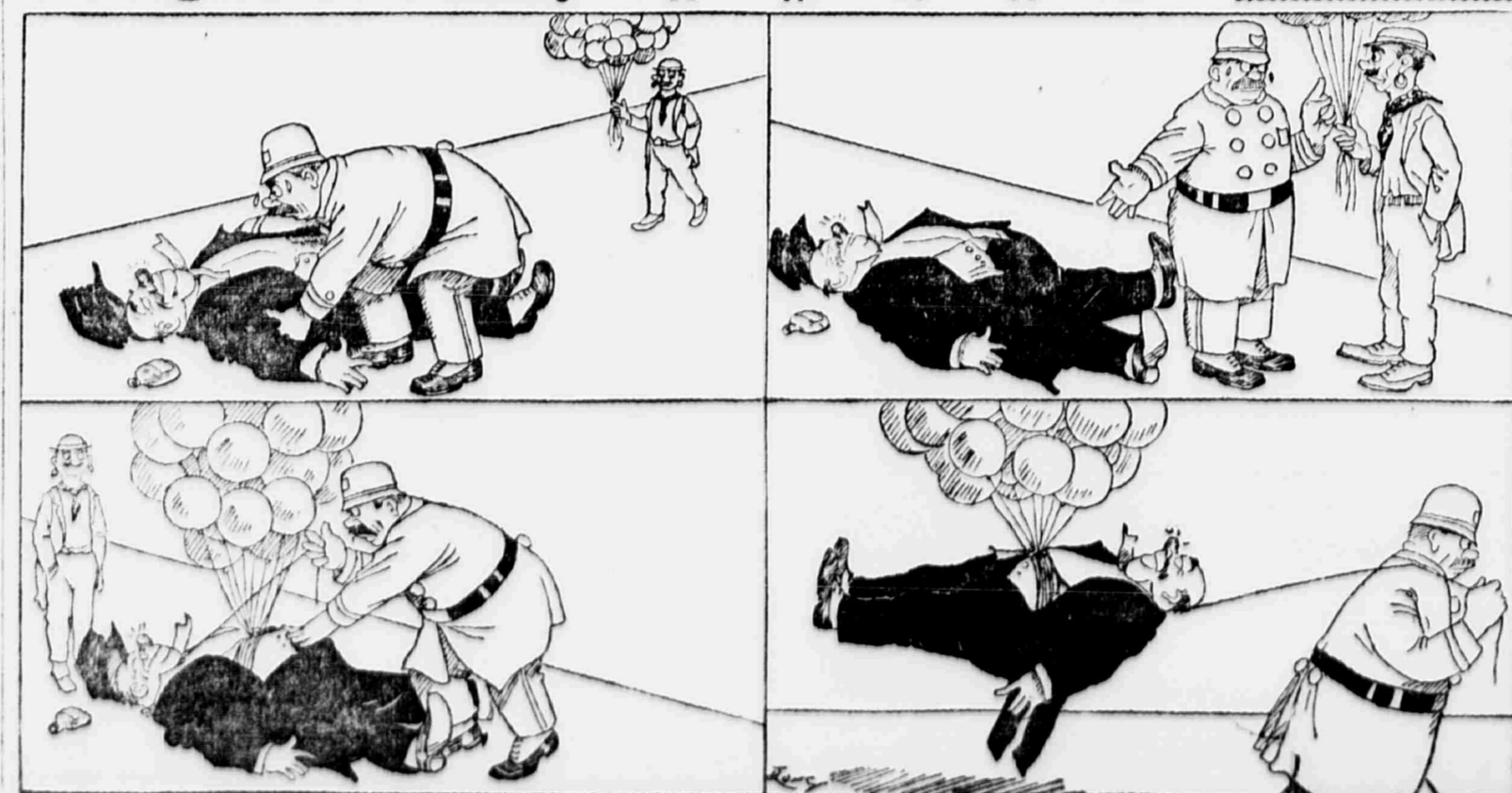
"I WONDER," began Mr. Jarr, yawning. "I wonder," began Mrs. Jarr. Then they looked at each other.
"What were you going to wonder about?" asked Mr. Jarr. "But I'll bet I can guess. There are only seven wonders of the world for a woman. She wonders how in the world some other woman can dress the way she does on the money her husband makes, she wonders how other women can put up with the kind of husbands they have, she wonders what sort of people have moved in next door, she wonders what her husband does with the dollar a week he keeps out of his salary above his outlay, she wonders when certain girls she knows are going to be married and certain women divorced, she wonders if she can hold up the grocery and butcher and landlord again by paying 'something on account,' so she can revel in the joy of a new dress, she wonders—"
"She wonders what makes her husband so gabby?" said Mrs. Jarr, breaking in loudly. "Talk of women! When it wouldn't be so bad if I knew what you were talking about, or even if you knew what you are talking about!"
Mr. Jarr grinned sheepishly. "Maybe you're right," he admitted, "but the only way to keep a woman from talking too much to you is to talk too much to her."
"Oh, you needn't be so afraid," said Mrs. Jarr. "I wasn't talking to you, I was just wondering to myself."
"One of the seven wonders in the world for women I was describing," ventured Mr. Jarr.
"No, don't be too smart!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I was just wondering if it wouldn't be a good plan to write to people you have to send holiday gifts to that your gift was on the way. Write before Christmas, then, the day after Christmas, hurry down to the stores and buy the things. It makes you cry, almost, to see the reductions in holiday goods the day after Christmas. Besides—"



"Besides what?" asked Mr. Jarr.
"And then, besides," continued Mrs. Jarr, "you'd have your gifts from the people you are going to send gifts to, and you'd know what to get them and how much to pay for them. For it is certainly exasperating to buy something nice and send it to somebody who only sends you a Christmas card. By waiting a little and let them think the gift was delayed on the road you wouldn't make the mistakes you do. And, isn't it queer? The very people you do expect something nice from send you nothing, or else some trifle that is almost nothing, while the people you have never done anything for send you the nice things."
"It isn't queer at all," said Mr. Jarr. "The people you have done things for do not need to placate you; those who would like you to do something nice for them do."
"Well, if you aren't the old cynic! I wouldn't have your selfish disposition for anything!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Do you think everybody has a motive—generally a mean one? And that reminds me, why should Mrs. Strayer send me that hand-some cut glass berry bowl? What is that stinky old thing up to? She never sent me anything before except a cheap card, wishing me love and joy at Christmas. She's up to something. Oh, well, I needn't worry what it is; she'll soon let me know."
"Didn't I tell you you were wondering about some foolish thing like that?" said Mr. Jarr. "It's the little things of life that are big to women. A man doesn't worry about trivial things."
"Oh, he doesn't, doesn't he?" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "Well, what were you wondering about? Come, now, out with it!"
Mr. Jarr hesitated and turned red.
"Come now, be honest; tell me what you were wondering about," said she.
"Oh, a man sometimes puzzles over simple things, too," faltered Mr. Jarr. "I was wondering—here he stopped, confused.
"Be honest, out with it!" said Mrs. Jarr.
"Well, then," stammered Mr. Jarr, "I was just wondering when one is drinking whiskey and milk whether you pour the milk into the whiskey or the whiskey into the milk. One way it curdles and the other way it doesn't, and yet I never can remember which is the right way."
Mrs. Jarr's contentment was too great for words. She gave him one withering look and left the room.

A Flight of Fancy

By F. G. Long



The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 15—GOLDMARK'S "CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."

IN an English cottage dwelt John, the mail coach driver, and his pretty little wife, Dot. A Cricket Elf ("Das Heilmchen"), the fairy of peace and humble contentment, lurked unseen on their hearth, making the little home as happy as a wonder-palace. The couple's only sorrow was that they were childless. But for this their married life was ideal.

Dot's brother, Edward, had long ago become betrothed to her dearest friend, May. But he had sailed for America to win fortune for his sweetheart, and for seven long years no one had heard from him. The neighbors believed Edward was dead. May alone refused to think so. She remained faithful to his memory and felt he would one day come back to her.

It was by no means easy for May to keep true to Edward. She was poor and worked for a living in a doll factory. Gruff old Tackleton, owner of the factory, was in love with May. He insisted that she marry him, and pointed out that by doing so she could save her family from poverty. The temptation to make her loved ones comfortable by this sacrifice was very great.

In her perplexity, May ran over one day to Dot's cottage for advice. Dot told her there was no chance of Edward's return. May, however, had a presentiment he would come back to find her Tackleton's wife. She went home, just as the sound of the arriving mail coach echoed through the cottage. John stamped in, cold and tired. Kissing Dot, he introduced to her a bronzed, bearded man, who had been a passenger on the coach and who was to stay at the cottage for a day or two. The stranger was Edward, as changed that none but the fairy-cricket recognized him. Nor did the newcomer reveal his identity.

May came again to the cottage, followed by Tackleton, who made awkward, glib love to her. Edward, overhearing the lovetaking, was furious. Before he left, he showed her a handful of jewels he had collected in his travels. May was loud in her admiration of the gems. Edward begged her to accept them. But Tackleton angrily interfered, declaring she should take no gifts from other men than himself.

Dot had been complaining that John had to work day and night for small wages. She now eyed the costly jewels with open envy. Edward offered her some of them. She hung back, but when he pressed them upon her she shyly accepted them.

While Dot was trying the effect of the precious stones against her face and hair, and thanking Edward for his generosity in giving them to her, Tackleton rushed John to the spot and whispered to him that his wife was in love with this unknown man. John went wild with jealousy. But the elfin cricket lured him to sleep, and as John slumbered, showed him a prophetic vision of Dot lulling a child of theirs to rest. The dream-child was dressed like a miniature mail-coach driver. This vision comforted John and soothed his jealous rage.

It was the morning set for May's marriage to Tackleton. At last she had yielded and had renounced the hope of seeing Edward again. Dressed for the wedding, the unhappy girl waited, weeping, at Dot's cottage for the arrival of her elderly bridegroom. Suddenly, from somewhere in the distance, arose the strains of a love song. It was the song Edward had sung to her before his departure for America. May leaped to her feet, crying aloud that it was a good omen and that she would remain forever true to her absent lover.

Edward, listening outside to note the effect of his song upon her, rushed into the room as she spoke and clasped her in his arms. He told her who he was, how he had grown rich and had at last come home, disguised, to prove her love. Just then Tackleton entered, to take May to the church, where the priest awaited them. As the old toymaker was still glaring in helpless fury at the reunited couple, May and Edward leaped into the wedding coach Tackleton had brought, and drove off together to be married.

Dot and John, completely reconciled, lived on in perfect happiness. And soon the Cricket was watching over the fortunes of three, instead of two, in the little cottage.

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained by sending one cent for each number to Circulation Department, Evening World.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

TRANSLATED

By Helen Rowland.



NOW, in Tyre there dwelt a woman, my dau' ter, and her husband was PERFECTLY DEVOTED. And I said unto her, marvelling, "This thing is real love!"

And she replied, saying: "Nay, it is real FEAR!" For many a man is a good husband because he DARETH not be otherwise.

"Beloved, matrimony is like unto a drive—and I took the whip hand at the start. Yea, marriage is a thing in which but ONE holdeth the reins—and I grabbed them at the altar. I quelled him with my eagle eye and returned him bluff for bluff. Verily, I have made him believe that I AM IT—even She-Who-Must-Be-Obedyed!"

And I questioned her, saying, "Where dost thou get the wherewithal for thy Paris gowns?"

And she made answer, "When there is none other, I take the RENT money. For I have caused him to think that what I WANT I MUST HAVE. And he worketh overtime that my desires may be fulfilled; for thoughts are things—and my thoughts are expensive things. And he knoweth not that he hath been hypnotized."

Lo, every man taketh a woman at her own price; and she that is satisfied with what is left over from the household expenses and will forego her tooth powder to buy the baby's shoes shall be made to do this for the rest of her days.

Yea, a husband accepteth thee at thine OWN valuation, and he cherisheth anything that cometh at a fair price; but a CHEAP wife he holdeth in contempt—even as a thing bought with trading stamps.

Verily, verily, in wedlock there is but ONE throne, and she that climbeth thereon at first shall rule away. But she that becometh a doormat shall be walked over withal. And a little bluff worketh wonders where great devotion felleth. Selah!

The Funny Side of Sickness.

By Elbert Hubbard.

SICKNESS is a selfish thing. If you are well, you are expected to work, and give your time and talent to helping other people. If you are sick, you are supposed to be immune from many unpleasant tasks and duties.

Mark Twain says he was never wholly happy excepting on two occasions. One was when he was given that Oxford degree and wore a marvelous red cloak and mortarboard hat; and the other was when he had the measles and expected to die, writes Elbert Hubbard in Lippincott's Magazine.

The joy of holding the centre of the stage and having the whole family in tears just on his account was worth all the pangs. Mark is a humorist, and a humorist is a man who has the sense of values, and to have the sense of values is wisdom. Mark is a great philosopher as a humorist. Not only has he testified that pangs and pains are the attributes of life, not death, and that there is no pain in death, but he also gives testimony that sickness is an acute form of selfishness. The sick man disarranges the entire scheme of housekeeping wherever he is, unless he be in a hospital. To have his meals served to him in bed he regards as natural and right. For once he holds the centre of the stage—all dance attendance. Doctors come, nurses run for this or that, neighbors call and inquire. He is it.

The Day's Good Stories

The Slate Was Filled.

"GREAT Scott!" said the doctor to his servant. "Has anybody called during my two days' absence? I left this slate here for callers to write their names on and it is perfectly clean!"

"Oh, yes, sir," responded the servant, cheerfully. "A lot of folks has come. An' the slate got so full o' names that only this mornin' I had to rub 'em all out to make room for more!"

Horrible.

SOCIETY LEADER (with a steely glitter in her eye)—Are you the editor of this paper?
The Mere Man—Yes, ma'am. What can I do for you?
Society Leader—In response to a question by your society editor yesterday I said that at the hard times party we are going to have I would appear in a nightgown costume. In your paper this morning, sir, it was printed "nightgown costume"—Chicago Tribune.